THE STUDENTS,

OR THE

HUMOURS of ST. ANDREWS,

A FARCE,

As performed at the THEATRE ROYAL in the Hay-Market.

Written by JAMES STEWART.

LONDON,

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MDCCLXXIX.

Price One Shilling.

BRITISH MUSEUM

PROLOGUE,

Spoken by the AUTHOR.

As tow'ring Trees, that on a Mountain grow,
With ſpreading Branches cover all below;
Umbrag'd by others of ſo great a Height,
Keep e'en theſe Shaddowings quite out of Sight;
Then patronize ſuch Plants, doo, ſmile on me,
A little Shrub wou'd be a lofty Tree.
This Feaſt prepar'd for you To-Night,
I've done my beſt to give you all Delight.
This Piece and I have been extremely toſt,
America has view'd us; Six Times Loſt.
Now paſt my Fears, tranſplanted to this Iſle,
Beg your Applauſe, reward my dangerous Toil.
But ſoft! me thinks I ſee a numerous Band,
The hardy Sons of Calidonia's Land;
If ſuch, I'll boldly ſpeak to High and Low,
I wiſh'd the Time, long'd, a Fair wind to blow.
Spent many a tedious Day and lonely Night,
Yet bore them well, while looking for your Sight,
Therefore as you muſt be allow'd; nay. known;
The firſt and ableſt Judges of the Town.
Be kind, as I would have you, 'till this you ſee,
Then damn or ſave, both, it and me.

To George Coleman, Esq.

SIR,

Whether it may be reckon'd bold in such a critic Age, and the World on that Account arreign me of Vanity, for presuming to dedicate this Farce to you, I am yet in doubt, especially to any one who has had the Pleasure of reading, or to have seen any of your excellent and much admired Comedies acted, they must think it vain of me to indulge the Thought, that you would even condescend to give it the Reading, as 'tis well known, I never had a proper classical Education, so that hardly any Assistance can be expected from that Channel: it is then evident to every one, it must be Fancy, and the Aid I've received from a few such English Authors, as you, Sir, whose Fame will stand unshaken as a Rock, to the innumerable Ages yet unborn, and that I might not put a Trifle into your Hands, I waited for the Opinion of the Town, and found it past my Expectations favourable, notwithstanding, as 'tis often the Case with Benefits at your House, two of my Performers was wretched, although I took every Precaution, but those not us'd to the Stage, rehearse one way, and play another.

However

However, I have given it the Addition of Two more Characters, and altered and enlarged ſeveral of the Speeches, and as Women's Parts are often cenſured for being tedious, I have thrown in Six Songs, to enliven the Performance, likewiſe have taken Care to diſpoſe of the Parts to the beſt Advantage, that it may gain me Credit, and in no ways diſgrace your Theatre, I have nothing more to add, but that you would be pleaſed to recieve this in return for the ſeveral Obligations I reſt indebted to you, and am

SIR,

Your moſt Obedient,

And much obliged,

Humble Servant,

JAMES STEWART.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

M E N.

Byron, }
Frederick, } Three Students. { by Mr. Loach.
Freeport, } by Mr. Sinclair.
by Mr. Sparks.

Graſpall, Uncle to *Harriot*, by Mr. Swords.
Andrew, his Son, by Mr. Munden.
Drover Henpeck, by Mr. Macdonald.
Macdowell, an Exciſemen, by Mr. Stewart.
Boy, as Waiter, and others.

W O M E N.

Emily, in Love with *Byron*, by Miſs Campbell.
Harriot, in Love with *Freeport*, by Miſs Hamilton.
Mrs. Macdowell, by Miſs Coutts.

Scene, in and about St. Andrews.

THE STUDENTS, OR THE HUMOURS of St. ANDREWS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The STREET.

Enter *Byron*, *Frederick* and *Freeport*, with Bows and Arrows.

BYRON.

OUR Afternoon's Diverſion being ended,
We, according to antient Cuſtom,
Will diſcharge our Arrows o'er St. Leonard's,
And if either of us ſhould not o'er-top the Spire,
Let the Forfeit be a Doz'n of Claret.---
Is it a Match?

Fred. I am agreeable.

Byr. Here goes, for my Dexterity. [*Shoots.*
Fairly over by Jove!
Freeport, you ſhoot next.

Freep. [*Shoots*] It's over.

Fred. Wee ſee it is,—I follow you. [*Shoots.*

Freep. No Faith, ha, ha, you have fallen ſhort
A dozen yards at leaſt.

Fred. I ſee I have. Terefore the Forfeit's yours;
We meet in the Evening, and then we'll have it.

Both] We will.

Fred. At Glaſs Tavern, then,
That we may have a merry Night,
I'll put in Execution what I lately hinted to you.
[*to Byron.*

Byr. Nothing better.
It will afford us a good Laugh.

Freep. Pray what is it?
As I am to be one of the Party,
I expect to be made acquainted with the Secret.

Fred. You ſhall.
You both know the old Laird of Money Hall
Is lately deceaſed.
Now McDowell, the Exciſeman, is of the ſame Name,
And it will be an eaſy Matter, from his Folly,
To make him believe the old Man, on that Account,
Hath, by Will, appointed him Heir to his Poſſeſſions:
A Letter fram'd to that Purpoſe,
Will, no doubt, furniſh us with ample Subject
For an Evening's Mirth. *Freep.*

Freep. It cannot fail, Shark like, he'll take any Bait.

Fred. As you agree to aſſiſt, I'll about It now.
He'll think it an Honour done him,
That he is invited :—
Therefore will have no Suſpicion of our Deſign.
In my way I'll make it my Buſineſs
To call upon the Drover,
That he may make one with us :
He is good Company, and very ſatyrical,
Therefore will add much to our Evening's Diverſion.
Remember you be there early.

[*Exit. Frederick.*

Byr. Sir you may depend on us.

Freep. That the Drover is to be with us,
I like it much.

Byr. And I, for he's a jovial Companion ;
None better, would he keep from Cards.
But that is next to impoſſible—
However, every one has an Idol of ſome Sort,
And that's his.

Freep. I believe he has other Gods.

Byr. Goddeſſes you mean—but like them, he is Fond of Variety—I hear that he has lay'd ſiege
To Mc'Dowell's Wife.

Freep. So it is reported, what he gets of her
More than ſharp Words, where ſhe mine,
I think I'd riſk the Encounter, that is my Opinion
Of her, but what is all this to us :—
Would Perſons mind their own Affairs,

It is not to be queſtioned but they'd find
Enough to do. this Town is noted for Scandal,
They have loſt their Trade long ago,
More's the pity: This they follow in its ſtead—
But to that concerns us—
What News from Harriot
Has Emily acquainted her with our Scheme.

Byr. She has.—And moſt gladly agreed to it.
Her Uncle ſtill continues to inſiſt
On her marrying his Son.—Her Father's Will,
He ſays, left her to his Diſpoſal,
So that if ſhe diſobeys, as 'tis moſt likely ſhe will,
By wedding without his Conſent,
Her Fortune becomes his.

Freep. That's to be tried, not as I think it
An Object worth my Notice, compared to her,
That is my Soul's Exiſtance, if I have her,
I muſt be happy. But how ſhall we know,
When to put it in Execution.

Byr. Why, Emily has free Acceſs to her,
By her we ſhall be informed, when her Uncle
(Or rather Tyrant) will be out; his Son,
Frederick and I will engage, then you may
Moſt ſafely elope, if not done then,
It will be impoſſible ever after,
She is to be married to the Son tomorrow Morning.

Freep. Forbid it Heaven, I am on the Rack;
Nor have I Patience to contain myſelf,
'Till ſhe is releaſed from his Authority,
Which has been unbounded ſince her father's death.
Tomorrow, ſay ye?

Byr. Yes, Tomorrow.

Freep.

Freep. It muſt not, cannot be, my Blood freezes
When I think on't, ſhould we fail!

Byr. Poh, Poh, Don't fear,
We may depend on Succeſs, Emily will not
Venture, 'till ſhe finds a proper Opportunity.

Freep. I will employ a Clergyman,
Who ſhall be ready at a Minutes warning,
That we may inſtantly be join'd.

Byr. 'Tis proper to take that Precaution,
For fear her Guardian, ſhould fruſtrate your Attempt.

Freep. It ſhall be Force indeed that does it,
I am determined to looſe my Life,
Rather than ſee her in the Arms of another.

Byr. Oh, there is not the leaſt Fear of it,
I'll venture to lay you an even Hundred,
That I ſee you married e'er two Hours elapſe.

Freep. I'd wiſh to looſe, but come,
We muſt now prepare to meet Frederick,
He is ever at ſome Miſchief,
Tho' he poſſeſſes a good Heart.

Byr His Plan to Night, if he ſhould ſucceed,
Will afford him Mirth enough,
And I rather agree with him in it,
As it will be at the Expence of Folly.—
By then we have been to the College,
And delivered our Bows,
It will be Time to attend him.

Freep. I believe it will.

[*Exit. Byron and Freeport.*

SCENE,

SCENE, A GROVE.

Enter *Harriot and Emily.*

Har. We have given him the Slip,
If Freeport had known my Mind,
He would have followed us from the Buts,
We could not have a better Opportunity.

Em. Now my dear Harriot,
I am quite of another Opinion,
As your Uncle is ſo afraid of your running away,
I dare ſay that he is now in Search of us,
There, I thought ſo! [*Looking out.*
Look how he runs, and ſtares about.
Oh! Now he ſees us: I think 'tis better as it is.

Har. I dont think ſo, I would have ventur'd,
Rather than be thus.—See, do pray look at him,
How he waddles acroſs the Bridge, dear Emily,
I am afraid, he looks angry.

Em. How impatient you ſeem, Harriot,
You may reſt aſur'd, Freeport will need no ſpurring;
I am ſure he loves you, therefore will embrace
The firſt favourable Opportunity.

Har. How can I be otherways than impatient,
To get from him; you and your dear Byron,
Are happy; you have no one to controul you:
Without the Experience,
You cannot feel for my diſtreſs,
His cruel Behaviour is enough to drive me mad,
I am never allow'd to ſtir a Foot out of Doors
Without him, and when his Buſineſs calls him
From Home, his Son takes as much Care of me

As he would a Lunatick;
I never can get a peep at the Front Windows,
But I'm confined like a Nunn.

SONG.

How hard is my Fate,
Oh terrible State,
Thus under my Uncle's Eye;
Lock'd up Day and Night,
From my ſweet Freeport's Sight,
I can't—it makes me to cry.

No Eaſe can I find,
Content I've reſign'd,
Since Cupid's oppreſs'd my Heart;
How happy's the Fair,
I vow, I declare,
That ſhuns the Pain of his Dart.

Let me go where I will,
Love torments me ſtill,
He robs my fond Boſom of Reſt:
Oh Hymen I pray,
Do haſten the Day,
That Freeport and I may be bleſt.

Em. Dear Child dont make yourſelf ſo uneaſy,
You look quite pale with fretting,
Take this Advice.

SONG.

As I had none to obey, was free,
To chuſe, the Youth I approve,
If a Lord, ſhould not have me,
Except I him could love.

Let

Let Guardians rule, ſuch Laws
Againſt Reaſon, them to obey;
But we muſt find a ſaving Clauſe,
To curb the Tyrant's ſway.

Force you to marry his Son,
A mighty fine Affair,
Alas poor Freeport, you're then undone,
But we'll match him, I declare.

Har. My lovely Girl, were it not for you,
I ſhould ſink under my preſent Hardſhips.
But, he comes, bleſs me, how I feel,
What ſhall we ſay.

Em. Why any thing, that comes uppermoſt,
What need we be afraid of, ſo now———

Enter Graſpall.

Graſpall. Are you not a couple of ſaucy, ſaucy,
Ah! Well, I wont call you Names, hey,
What a Sweat I've had, why where have you been,
Huſſeys, I have been running about after you,
'Till the People thought I was mad.

Em. Then you ſtopt, I ſuppoſe Sir,
[*They ſmother a laugh.*

Graſp. No Mrs. Puſs, not 'till I found ye,
If I had run mad in the Search.

Har. Sir, we have been looking for you
Every-where.

Graſp. I did but juſt turn my Back,
And, like Fairies, you vaniſh'd.

Has

Has none of the Students been with you?
Now tell me the Truth.

Har. No indeed, Sir, none.—I wiſh there had.
[*aſide.*

Graſp. I am glad of it.
If any of thoſe Dogs ſhould get to ſpeak to her,
Or write a Love Epiſtle, 'tis all over with my Son.
[*aſide.*
Well, how did you like the Shooting match, Ladies.

Em. Oh, we lik'd it much, 'twas vaſtly pretty,
And then their Dreſſes, 'twas charming,
To ſee thoſe we love. [*aſide.*

Har. I think it an Afternoon moſt agreeably ſpent:
I would not have loſt the Sight for ever-ſo-much.

Graſp. Oh, I dare ſay not,
You ſeem to be in Raptures with the ſweet Youths:
But they commonly make the Town pay
For their Diverſions.

Em. I think they did not appear to be
As you repreſent them, Sir.

Graſp. No, no; not as yet:
Stay, I warrant we ſhall hear of ſome o'their Tricks
Before Tomorrow at this Time,
O they are a Pack of ſad Fellows, ſly Dogs.

Har. Yes, he will experience ſome of their Slyneſs,
As well as mine, before he is much older. [*aſide.*

Em. I'd not give a Ruſh for young Fellows,
If they had no Spirit nor Life in them,
Tricking of Miſers, ogling in Sermon-time,
Breaking of Lamps, beating the Watch,

And running away with young Girls,
Tis in them look'd for, 'tis as natural as Sleep, Sir.
I declare I've almoſt ſpent my Breath in telling Lies
To vex the old Fuſtey. [*aſide.*

Graſp. Oh, you bold,—
Did ever any body hear ſuch Doctrine,
Come, come, let's go home.
If I'd her once more in the Houſe,
I'd take Care ſhe ſhall not out again,
'Till I have match'd her. (*aſide.*
Why Miſs Emily, I can ſcarce believe my own Eyes.
You are enough to debauch a whole Convent,
Set aſide her, I'm afraid you have almoſt
Made a finiſh, but I'll take care for the future, I will.

Em. Yes, Sir, we have many in the World,
Such as you, who to ſatisfy their unbounded Thirſt
For the glittering Mammon, thinks nothing
Of ſtripping the diſconſolate Widow of her all;
Would ſacrifice the unhappy Orphan,
Left in their Charge, rob her of that little
Her Parents left her to ſubſiſt on, and like you,
Unnaturally would deprive her of it.

Graſp. Pray, Miſs, what do you mean;
I do'nt underſtand ſuch Language.

Em. You are right, Sir, not to underſtand:
You wou'd bluſh elſe.

S O N G.

Em. Oh! you naughty, naughty Creature,
How can you uſe a Maid ſo ill,
You look, you look, as you could eat her:
Better to let her have her will.

Graſp.

Graſp. No you ſaucy,—ſaucy—Gipſey,
She ſhall have my ſon, or none:
Me advice, the Jade, the Jade is tipſey,
Have him you ſhall, or ſtarve e're long.

Har. That I ſhould ſtarve, I fear not, fear not,
Uncle, faith you're in the wrong:
To wed your ſon, I will not, will not,
That you ſhall know before 'tis long.
[*Exit. Harriot and Emily Laughing.*

Graſp. Oh! ho, tis ſo, is it, they talk largely,
They have it all their own way at preſent,
But I'll turn their Tune.
What pointing and laughing at me,
[*Looking after them.*
Well, well, I'll go ſee
If my Son can make you laugh any heartier,
When he Weds you,
And Beds you,
Tal lal de ral le. [*Exit Singing.*

SCENE A TAVERN.

Byron, Freeport, Frederick, Drover Henpeck and Two others diſcover'd at a Table.

Drov. Do ye think he'll come,
By my Faith, 'twill be a braw Joak, ha, ha,
Frederick, you'r a bleſt Contriver:
All I fear, if any Thing ſhould happen,
So as he could not attend,
Then we ſhall be baulk'd.

Fred. Oh, there's not the leaſt Fear of that,
I know he would not be abſent for a Trifle;
And I have left the Letter ready at the Poſt-houſe
For him.

Byr. He will be laugh'd at by the whole Town,
When they hear of it.

Freep. No Doubt on't.—Gentlemen, your Glaſſes
Let's have a Toaſt.

Byr, By all Means
Proſperity to his Majeſty's Arms.

All. Proſperity to his Majeſty's Arms. [*All Drink.*

Drov. I hate to be Idle, ſuppoſe we have a game,
At Catch the Ten. [*Rings.*
Here is juſt Six o'us, and I have got
A Twenty Shillings Note
That's rather the worſe for Wear,
So I'd willingly take a Chance to part with it,
Or get one to mend it, what ſay ye. [*Enter Boy.*
Tell your Miſtreſs to ſend up the Books,
She kens what I mean. [*Exit. Boy.*

Freep. I am agreeable, for one.

Fred. And I, for a Game or two.

Byr. I have no Objection,
Provided there's no Money play'd for,
As a Bowl of Punch, or two or three Bottles of Wine,
But no further, that Perſon that would entice me,
Or you, or any one to Gamble for Money,
I'count him no Freind of mine,
And a worſe one to himſelf,

We

We have Precedents for it daily,
If you are agreeable, the Money ſhall be ſpent
On Macdowell's Return, as it certainly will be,
Let the Cards be call'd for.
I'll win if I can. Come, too it,
For I expect him ſoon, [*Looks on his Watch.*
'Tis almoſt Seven o'Clock.

Drov. As to the Perſon, Mr. Byron,
I certainly muſt be he, as I undoubtedly
Was the firſt Propoſer, [*Enter Boy with the Cards.*
But that I ſhould entice you, or he,
Or any one, (as you pleaſe to ſay)
For the Lucre of the Caſh only, no Sir,
I ſcorn it, and I'd have you think ſo,
I love Cards 'tis true, and to play,
Such or ſuch Bet being laid,
Gives me an Attention to it:
Why, we ſhould play for Wines, Punch, or ſo,
There is no Reaſon, let each pay his Quoto,
If for one friendly Game or two, ſay the Word,
I have long play'd for the making of Taverns,
I'll do't no more.

Byr. Sir, you'r hot, I pitch not on you only,
'Tis a Trade too much in Vogue, upon Honor,
Mr. Henpeck, I thought not of you in particular.

Drov. Sir, Sir, I've done, let it drop.

Byr. Well, come on, ſhall we cut for Partners.

Freep. Let it be as we ſet, we're much alike.

Drov. So we are, [*Cuts the Cards.*] there deal,

I dina care wha wins, ſo's we are doing,
But I'd rather—hark, he's coming up Stairs,
[*Freeport ſtill keeps Dealing.*
[*Macdowell behind the Scenes.*

Macd. Here, Waiter, Ladde, gee's a Light.
What caw ye this Uſage, no Attendance,
No regard, for ane of his Majeſty's Officers.
[*Enters.*
This Houſe is o'late turn'd heels o'er head.
Gentlemen, your Servant.—Mr. Byron,
I am glad to ſee you, and all, indeed I am,
But you maun excuſe me a bit,
For I am vext, quite vext.

Byr. Mr. Macdowel,
I am glad to have the Pleaſure
Of your good Company, no Man more ſo,
We could not think what detained you.
Smoak him. [*aſide.*
Bleſs me, Sir, you are in a filthy Condition:
How came you ſo, ha, ha, ha.

Macd. Yes, I am in a Condition,
I was in a worſe a little while ago,
I've had a Race.

Freep. A Race, where to, Mr. Macdowell.

Fred. Poh, why need you aſk that,
His Stockings ſhews you, 'twas in the Ditch,
Behind the Abbey Walls.

Macd. I dinna ken what thy cawd,
But the Child's gotten off we his Cagg o'Brandy,
And drove me into the Ditch at the ſame Time,
Eh Goſh, I thought I ſhould never got out again,
That's

That's what keept me ſa lang, I was aſhamed
to come into the Town before it was dark;
And I dur'ſt na gang hame,
My Wife wad a play'd the Deel we me,
She wad na letten me out na mare this Night,
Eh Cod, I's warrant her.

Byr. It's very unlucky, Sir,
But come, ſit down, forget it now,
And let us ſpend a jovial Evening.
Fill your Glaſſes.—Sir, your good Health,
Your Lady's likewiſe, [*to Mr. Macdowell.*

Macd. Eh, what, Sir, ha ye a Mind to mock me,
I'll ha nane of your Ladies.
Plain Mrs. Macdowell, 'till better faws out.

Byr. I hope I've not offended you,
I did not mean it, will you take a Pipe, Sir.

Mocd. No, Sir, I ge ye thanks,
I ha na us'd Tobacco,
Never ſince our Northern Brethren turn'd Rebels,
For you maun ken, Gentlemen,
I dinna like ony thing that grows,
Or wa'd be of Service
Or advantageous to a Rebel Country.

Freep. I commend you, Sir, you was a Royaliſt
In the laſt Rebellion here in Scotland, I think.

Macd. Was I not, Sir, ge me Leave to tell ye
It was then I was made an Exciſeman,
As a Reward for Loyalty.
Freep. You was nobly Rewarded.

Byr. Come, Gentlemen, charge,
[*They drink here.*
Suppoſe we have a Song, Mr. Macdowell,
Will you favor us with one.

Macd. You maun Excuſe me, I canna Sing.

Fred. Byron, one from you, then,
You have no Excuſe.

Byr. I had rather.—

Freep. Dont dally, but begin.

SONG.

Byr. Coming through the Broom at e'en,
And coming through the Broom ſae Dreary,
The Laſſie loſt her ſilken Snood,
Which coſt her many a blurt and blear-Eye.

Fair her Hair, and brent her Brow,
And bonny blue her E'en when near ye;
The mair I priv'd her bonny Mou,
The mair I wiſh'd her for my Deary.

The Broom was lang, the Laſſie gay,
And O but I was unco cheary;
The Snood was tint! a well a day,
For Mirth was turn'd to blurt and blear-Eye.

I preſt her Hand, ſhe ſigh'd, I woo'd,
And Speer'd, what gars ye ſob, my Deary;
Quoth ſhe, I've loſt my Silken Snood,
And never mair can look ſae cheary.

I ſaid, ne'er mind the Silken Snood,
Nae langer Mourn nor look ſae dreary
I'll buy you one that's twice as good;
If you'll conſent to be my Deary.

Quoth ſhe, if you will aye be mine.
Nae mair the Snood ſhall make me dreary;
I vow'd, I ſeal'd, and bleſt the Time
That in the Broom I met my Deary.

Macd. An I could ſing like that,
I wou'd na turn me Back, we any Man in au Fife,
My Wife, gees me ſo mickle
O'her Singing, that it ſpoils mine:
I did ſing the Day I married her,
I may ſing again for Joy, that Day ſhe's buried,
Wha kens?

Drov. I hope that will not happen
This many a Day: You are a pretty Couple.

Macd. Yes, there's twa o's, by my Troth,
Wer't in my Poure, I'd gee her a Letter
O'Licence to walk when—

Freep. Ha, ha, ha, that's good;
But now you talk of a Letter, puts me in mind,
I now remember I ſaw one at the Poſt-Office, for you;
If I am not miſtaken, it was ſealed with Black.

Macd. A Letter for me ſealed with Black,
Wha's Dead now? Any good Luck,
There's mony ane dies belonging to Me
That dis na leave ſa much
As pay the Carriage of a Letter.
But, however, let's ſee't. here, Laddie, Waiter.

Enter Boy.

What d'ye mean, that ye dinna attend?
Here, take this Shilling,
Rin a th'way to the Poſt-houſe,
And aſk for a Letter for me, make haſte now,
And I'll gee ye ſomething to ye'r-ſel.

Boy. I will, Sir.

Macd. Rin then.

Drov. Some good News, I imagine by the Seal;
A Relation dead and left you a few odd Hundreds.

Macd. Eh, Goſh, an it be,
I'll ſhew ſome Folks the odd's on't.
[*All drink here.*

Byr. Pray Mr. Macdowell,
When had you a Viſit
From your old Friend my Lordy,
The noted Smuggler?

Macd. Oh, that's well minded,
I thought I had Something to tell ye.
Faith I hanna had a Viſit from him this good While;
But I paid him ſic a ane a little Time back,
As I thought wad a made him ruet',
But, ha, ha, you ſhall hear how he ſarv'd me.
Mr. Lookout and myſel,
Were out ae Morning wi'oure Boat,
When wha ſhould we ſee,
At the bottom of the lang Saunds,
But my Lordy and his Men
As buſy as as many Deels in a high Wind,
'Livering and carting away
A Cargo o' Gin and Tea;
We rows up to him, and I hallow'd out,
Hie! hie! what the Deel caw ye this my Lordy,
Ha, ha, have I knabb'd ye at laſt. *Freep.*

Freep. I imagine he wou'd have diſpenſed
With your Viſit at that Time.

Macd. I then thought ſa;
But mark how he ſarv'd us.
As undaunted as if Nathing had been the Matter,
He ſays, ah! what my old Friend,
Mr. Macdowell, at this Time o' the Morning,
Wha wad a thought o' ſeeing you here?
Ay! Ay! ſays I, I ſuppoſe you did na expect me;
But I am here,
And you ſhall know it before you and me part.
—O! I dinna i' the le'ſt doubt your Word, Sir,
But what the Deel d'ye make ſic a Hooting at,
Ye'll waken au the Neighbours
About our Luggs.———
As Heaven ſhall be my Judge,
For I cou'd na help ſwearing;
Ye little underſiz'd, crook'd Back Body,
What caw ye the Wild-jukes and Sea-maws
That's walking about:
The Neighbours.—
Cod I's waken ye wi' a Vengeance.
For ye maun ken it's twa Mile fray ony houſe,
It was ſic a Taunt.

[*All laugh here.*

Fred. That's laughable enough,
You went aboard, I preſume,

Macd. Ay, ay, we gad aboard, I aſure ye,
The Side man'd with the ropes o'er to accomodate us:
And, choak his Accomadations, I ſay,
We were no ſooner upon Deck,
When twa to ane, twa to ane,
Faw's on and bound us Head and Heels,
Goſh, we look'd juſt like twa Calfs,

This done, they laſhes Mr. Lookout
To the weather Side o' the Barkey;
Twas then ſnowing;
And the Splaſh o' the Sea, it freezing hard,
Ha, ha, he looked juſt like a Pig
Baſted wi' Flour and Butter:
I ſhall ne'er forget it.
Me they tumbled into the Cabin
Wi' as little Regret, as ye wad row a Fut-baw:
Indeed my Lordy,
As I was an ald Acquaintance, loos'd me,
And, as ye may ſay, forc'd me to take five Guineas:
As for my Partner, he was a young Officer,
Had o'er money E'en, they were forced to blind him
Wi' Holland's Gin.

Freep. Is that the Way
The Smugglers uſe the King's Officers,
When they board their Veſſels.

Macd. Ay, Sir;
Ye ken a little now and then, dis na hurt a poor Man;
To be ſure, we are obliged to take a little ſometimes,
To make a Shew.
It wad be a Shame to take what we might,
It dis a man very little good,
As they ſay, light come ſo ſpent,
The Remainder only goes to feed them
That dis na want it.

Byr. Very faithful Servants you Exciſemen
Are to your Maſter.

Macd. If we're too honeſt, we cou'd na live.

Enter Boy with the Letters.

Ha! well ha ye got it? Lats ſee. [*Reads*
To Mr. Macdowell, otherwiſe Laird Macdowell,
Exciſeman

Exciſeman, at St. Andrews,

[*They burſt out a Laughing.*

Fred. Contain yourſelves,
Or you will marr our Scheme.

[*Aſide to Byr. and Freep.*

Macd. I ken na what they mean by Laird
Macdowell, But, (*Reads*) Money and Lands,
Come or ſend, ſoon as—ſo, ſo, ha! what
Anthony Truſty.

[*Tunes and dances about.*

Drov. It ſeems to give you Pleaſure, Sir.

Macd. Wha wad a thought it!
O what a lucky Dog I am!
There, Gentlemen, read,
See, my Wife ſad we ſhould have ſome good Luck,
By a Dog following her hame the other Day;
Read out, Mr. Byron,
Good News, by my Faith, ſhould be heard.

Freep. He will go mad with Joy,

[*aſide*

[*Byron reads.*

SIR,

" It is with Pleaſure I acquaint you,
" That my Maſter, the late Laird of Money-Hall,
" Who is deceas'd, has left all he poſſeſſed,
" In Money and Lands to you,
" Therefore ſhall be glad if you will come
" Or ſend me Orders how I am to proceed:
" An Anſwer as ſoon as poſſible,
" Will oblige your faithful Steward;
" Anthony Truſty. "

Upon

Upon my Word, Laird Macdowell, I give you Joy;
We may now call your Wife, Lady Macdowell,
Without offending you.

Macd. Oh, ſhe'll not contain herſel,
When ſhe hears it.
Now I'll let them ſee the odds o't;
I'll dance na mare Attendance
We a dark Lanthorn and a Gage,
To be called here, and ſent there.
By every he, who is a Birth above me;
No, no; na mare o'that, [*This done affectedly,*

Fred. But, Sir, your Steward deſires you to come
Or ſend immediately.

Macd. I'll gang, I winna ſend, I'll gang myſel,
I lang to be in Poſſeſſion.

Drov. I dare ſay ye do, [*aſide.*
But ye can't ſet off to Night.

Macd. Yes, I'll gang to Night;
I'll no delay, now I ſhall be myſel,
Laird Macdowell, it will be;
And then my Servants
Bowing and ſcraping before me,
Your Will, Sir, did you call Sir,
Shall I do this or that:
I'll let them ken their Maſter. [*affectedly*
I and Madam, my Wife, too,
I'll bring her too: or I'll ſweet for

[*Mrs. Macdowell behind the Scenes.*

Mrs. Macd. I will ging up to be denied,
When I ken my good Man's i'the Houſe.

Macd.

Macd. Huſh! my Wife, as I live!
What ſhall I do, here will be a Rumpus,
I'll ſee it out. [*Enter Mrs. Macdowell.*

Mrs. Macd. Did ever ony Body ſee ſic Manners,
And in the Head Tavern in Town too;
Well, for my Part, it's the Firſt Time,
And it ſhall be the laſt, I'm ſure,
My dear Mr. Macdowell, [*Kiſſes him.*
And are we to be happy at laſt;
I cou'd na reſt 'till I ſaw ye.
Gentlemen, you'll pardon my abdrupt Behaviour,
But my Joy made me be ſo unmannarly.
Mr. Henpeck, I am yours.

Drov. Mrs. Macdowell, make na Excuſe about it,
I'll anſwer for the Company;
It's na mare than what could be expected,
Ony Woman would have done the like;
So now without any mare Ceremonies about it,
I maun kiſs ye, and wiſh ye joy. [*Puſhes him from her.*
What's the Matter we ye.

Mrs. Macd. Will a wat! no, Mr. Henpeck,
We mau n excuſe that Part of the Ceremony,
If ye would ſtay mare at Hame,
As I hear, there wa'd be leſs Rick i'the Houſe:
Altho' ſome Folks in this Town,
That they cannot find better Employment,
Make it their Evening and Morning's Work,
To take away my Character,
But 'tis nae Matter, Time will try aw.

Macd. By my Faith, I believe they ſpake o'er true
That ye are a ſcolding Halucket Jade,
I can affirm. As to any Thing elſe,

That

That ſhould make me a— [*Holds up his two Fingers.*
I canna ſay as yet, I'll gee the Deel his due.

Freep. Come, come, my dear Madam,
Don't put yourſelf in a Paſſion,
That you are in a fair way of being equal
With the beſt of them, 'tis not to be doubted;
As to their Calumny,
Were you as emaculate
As our Thoughts could paint ye,
Then thou ſhould not ſcape Cenſure.
Come ſit down, Madam. Your future Happineſs,
And you a ſafe Journey. Give me Lieve.
(*Gives her a Glaſs of Wine.*

Mrs. Macd. Sir, you do me the greateſt of Honors,
What is it to have Learning, what an Air,
How ſenſibly he ſpeaks, ſuch Eaſe,
O, Macdowell, if you would not hem and ha,
But deliver yourſel in ſic a Manner,
What would I then think of ye,
How you are to put on the Laird,
I'm ſure, I canna concieve.
(*She means a Gentleman like Carriage.*

Drov. Nor I neither,
It winna trouble him much, I believe. [*Aſide.*
Do tell us, thoſe who ſpeak ſo ill of you,
I am ſure they had no Reaſon.

Mrs. Macd. Indeed, Sir, I never give any ane,
Of them Reaſon to think ſo;
That I am, and always was of a merry Diſpoſition,
It's true, but for that I ſhould be bad inclin'd,
Ye ſee my good Man vouches for me.

Macd.

Macd. No, no, my dear Wife,
I winna ſwear for't, he's a wiſe Man that kens that;
I may be deceived.

Mrs. Macd. Well, well, it's a ane,
As lang's your ſatisfied, I am;
But I maun tell ye about the fine Ladies,
That made themſelves ſo buſy with my Fame.

Freep. Pray do, Mrs. Macdowell.

Mrs. Macd. Let me ſee,——
It was Sunday was a Week,
That Mrs. Mield and I, taking an Airing
Round the Abbey, we had got as far
In our Way Hame, as the Caſtle Bray;
There we o'ertook Mrs. Falſebed and Miſs Loſſit,
They never let on they ſaw us,
But, Mrs. Falſebed ſays,
What do you think Miſs?
Says ſhe, I dinna ken ——What is it?
Will ye promiſe not to tell ony Body, then?
Indeed, no.——Only that ſly Jade,
Mrs. Macdowel, that's got ſo good a Man
For a Huſband, has been ſeen in the Fact.
Wha we, 'omen? Wha de ye think?
I dinna ken.——Only the Bonny,
The modeſt Mr. Henpeck, that you're ſo fond of.
(*She looks ſteadfaſtly on the Drover.*

Macd. Enough, enough; Plague, Wife,
She Divel, ony Thing, ſay na mare; I feel,
I feel it here: (*Points to his Head.*
The Divel's in your Tongue;
Could na ye keep that to yourſel,
Then I ſhould ne'er a ken'd that I am.
What Buſineſs had ye in our Company,

Diſturbing every Body;
And you, my worthy Friend! Well, I'll ſay but this,
And I'll keep to my Word;
If my Eſtate were worth but Six Hundred Pounds,
I'll give Three of it, but I'll be devorſed,
That I may be in the Faſhion, then I'll keep a Miſs.

Mrs. Macd. Ye'll be devorſed,
So ye condem me without Proof.

Macd. Did ne you ſay you was catch'd in the Fact?

Mrs. Macd. That the two Huzzies ſaid ſa,
Will ye believe them before me?

Macd. Eh Goſh, I believe you're all alike,
Deel a Babee the better Herring.

Byr. I am ſorry you ſhould fall out for idle Tales,
There's Nothing in it, good Sir,
Or ſhe would not ſpeak of it.
The Drover ſweats. (*aſide.*

Macd. I believe it the mare,
She judg'd I would hear of it;
Oh, it's very common now, Sir.

Drov. With your Leave, I'd ſpeak to your Wife.

Macd. Faith, as you have gotten her's,
You need nae aſk mine; there, take her aw th'gether.
(*Riſes, he ſits by her.*

Drov. What de ye mean, Sir, by this abuſe?
I'll have Satisfaction of you, before I Sleep.

Macd.

Macd. Yes, that's common too, ſeduce the Wife,
Then fight the Huſband, to make him amends,
If ſo, She's not worth diſputing for.

Drov. Pray, Mrs. Macdowell,
Did ever I offer any Thing unbecoming to—

Macd. Out, Min, what Nonſence this is,
If ye had, and ſhe agreeable, think ſhe would tell?
No, no, I's warrant her.

Drov. But, Sir, Sir; ge me Leave,
Mrs. Macdowell, ſpeak the Truth.
[*Puts his Foot in the Centre of her Pettcioats.*
Gentlemen, don't miſconſtrue Things, I ſay.—
[*They all Laugh.*

Mrs. Macd. Yes, and I ſay, I wiſh ye wad
Keep your Legs out amang my Petticoats.
[*Puſhes him from her.*
Was there ever ſic Uſage,
What Behaviour did you ever ſee in me,
Should give you ſic Liberty.
And ſince you deſire me to ſpeak, I will;
You ſhanna gang a Caterwalling for Nathing,
I'll ſhame ye, I will; bear Witneſs, Gentlemen,
Huſband, you ſhall hear;
He call'd on you on Saturday, you was out,
I am glad of it, ſays he, and after ſome Nonſence,
As, ſuch was his Love, ſuch his Raptures,
To another Man's Wife, for ſhame [*To the Drover.*
He offers me a Ten Pound Note,
There's no Body can ſee us, my dear,
It will never be ken'd, what the worſe will ye be?
Oh, if you ken'd how I love you,
You would ne ſae me no, O you're a bonny Laſſie.
(*She Kiſſes him.*

We that, I gave him ſic a Lick, (*Strikes Macdowell.*
I'll learn you better Manners, get out o' my Houſe.

Macd. I wiſh you wad learn better Manners,
And not make ſo free we my Cheek,
I'm ſure it lows, you might a practiced
On the Offender, I didn't——

Drov. This is a Spite, becauſe I would na;
But I'll ſpeak to you another Time. *Offers to go out.*

Macd. Dinna be in a Hurry, Sir; [*Stops him.*
This is bonny Work, I think,
You was willing to do me a Favor,
I am obliged to you; but come, as I find,
That is, I think ſhe's honeſt, I forgive ye;
I've call'd at Houſes before this,
But to a Friend's Wife I could not offer it.
[*To him aſide.*
Come, Wife, it's Time we were going,
I have got a lang Way to go.——Gentlemen,
You maun call and ſee us,
I'll make you a hearty Welcome.

Mrs. Macd. Well, Gentlemen, if 'tis ſo,
As it's like to be, I hope your will not think it
Beneath you, to call and ſtay a Week we us,
Depend upon it, the Houſe,
And the beſt it can afford, ſhall be at your Service,
And I'd have ye think
Since good Fortune has altered our Condition,
That I can talk to you, that are of Rank,
With that Modeſty, which may prevent
The Approach of the moſt diſtant Familiarity,
Nor now think yourſelves our Superiors;
I am your moſt obedient. [*Exit. Mrs Macdowell.*

Macd.

Macd. I am glad your done,
She has geen you a Tickler,
Eh, I think ſhe will carry't as well as the beſt Lady
Among them, Gentlemen, your Servant;
Here I come, my Dear, my Love.
[*Exit. Macdowell.*

Freep. Sir, your Servant.—She's mounted,
How lofty ſhe talk'd.

Drov. Yes, Beggars will Ride,
If Fortune favours them.

Byr. Not ſo neither, ſhe does not want for Senſe,
And, to me, ſhe appears honeſt;
They will go mad with Vexation,
At their Diſappointment.

Fred. Well, it has,
And will afford us much more Diverſion,
He is too precipitate, it will learn him to look
Before he rides again, and as I have it in my Power,
He ſhall not ſuffer by the Diſappointment,
It would be a Pity to make Merry at their Expence,
And not pay them for their Trouble;
Come, let's empty the Bottle, aud while he goes
To take Poſſeſſion, we'll in to Supper.
Shew a Light, Boy,
Drover, don't be caſt down at this, ha, ha, ha.
[*Exit. Laughing.*

End of Act the Firſt.

ACT

ACT, II. SCENE I.

A GARDEN,

Enter *Byron* and *Emily*, at oppoſite Sides.

Byr. How fares my Emily?
You do not come to chide, I hope,
[*She looks diſdainful at him.*

Em. Well, Byron,
You're a Gentleman of your Word,
You come according to Promiſe, I think, Sir,
I love to tieze him. [*Aſide.*

Byr. My dear Emily,
I beg Ten Thouſand Pardons,
I would have call'd in my Return from the Tavern,
But it ſo happened 'twas One ere we parted,
However, ſhall I be excuſed, and believe me,
Dear Emily, that I—
What a Meanneſs! But Love. [*Aſide.*

Em. Enough, Byron, I do,
I want no ſuch Homage, I did but jeſt. [*She Laughs.*
And now you muſt acquaint Freeport,
That Harriot's Uncle is to be out all Day,

She

She is now packing up;
I promiſed to return in Half an Hour
To let her know what I have done.

Byr. How are we to engage the Son,
If he ſhould be like his Father,
It will be a difficult Taſk to get her off.

Em. You need not fear him,
Though he inherits moſt of his Father's bad Qualities,
You may eaſily manage him,
He is very fond of his Bottle, get him to that,
He will not interrupt us long.

Byr. Well contrived, it ſhall be ſo,
Now, my dear Emily, you muſt grant me one Requeſt,

Em. If 'tis in my Power, I will.

Byr. It is; by our Aſſiſtance,
'Tis likely that they will be happy once,
Within theſe two Hours; let us then be join'd,
There cannot be a better Time, I long to be happy.

Em. I am rather unprepared,
But if I ſhould ſay, I'd rather not,
I ſhould belie my Concience,
'Tis only done by thoſe, who entertain
A falſe Notion of Modeſty;
The Tongue ſhould never act
In Contradiction to the Heart.

Byr. My charming Emily,
How much more amiable is that frank Confeſſion,
Than an affected Coyneſs,
Which is ſo often practiced by the fair Sex.

Would

Would every Woman think like you,
How Happy might they be.

Em. Why ſhould I do otherwiſe,
My Heart has long been yours;
And my greateſt Happineſs will be,
That my Hand ſhall ſoon confirm
My honeſt Declaration,

Byr. Adorable Creature!

SONG.

Byr. When all thy Virgin Sweets are mine,
And all thy lovely Charms that grace thee;
My dear Emily, come, recline,
Upon my Breaſt while I embrace thee,

CHORUS.

Oh I'm happy, ſo ſweet, ſo bonny,
Sure the Gods, well pleas'd, behold you;
Their Work admire, ſo great, ſo fair,
And will in all your Joys uphold ye.

Em. Nor will I bluſh, when I am thine,
To own my Love, in Tranſport Tender;
Since that ſo ſweet a Youth is mine,
To my dear Byron I ſurrender.

CHORUS.

O I'm happy, ſo ſweet, ſo bonny,
Sure the Gods, well pleas'd behold you;
Their Work admire, ſo great, ſo fair,
And will in all your Joys uphold you.

Em.

Em. But we forget, you muſt leave me,
Now 'tis Time, Freeport knew
His Harriot expected him.

Byr. I go, my Love, and ſoon ſhall meet ye,
To be that I've wiſh'd for this many a Day;
I never will be abſent from you,
But ever adoring and admiring, adieu. [*Exit.*

Em. Byron proteſts too much,
Men often change their Purpoſes
When ſtall'd with Poſſeſſion; however, I'll riſk that,
My Boſom has fiez'd ſo great an Affection for him,
That I find it would be impoſſible
To exiſt without him, 'tis a greater Pleaſure,
When real Merit aſks, to confeſs a Paſſion,
Then by affecting a ſeeming Reluctance,
Give both Uneaſineſs, which might be avoided,
Only by ſpeaking as the Heart dictates. [*Exit.*

SCENE, the STREET,

Before *Graſpall's* Houſe.

Enter *Freeport*, *Frederick* and *Byron*.

Freep. There's the Houſe contains my only Joy.

Fred. Why you Love-ſick Booby!
What a Sighing and Whining do you Lovers make;
You too, Byron, are as bad as he:
I ſuppoſe now if your Emily was to diſappoint you,
You would threaten to drown or hang yourſelf.

Byr. Not ſo far gone as that, neither;
You are too changeable to let any Thing affect you,
Without it is a Diſappointment
In ſome of your miſchievious Tricks.

Fred. True, every one has their Humour,
You are fond of ſetting Hours together,
Writing Sonnets in praiſe of your Miſtreſs;
I like to ſee People ſtirring,
I hold the Cytherian Goddeſs
In great Venerition, but I ſhall never tie myſelf
To an Apron-ſtring, 'till I cant find any Companion,
To aſſiſt me.—Here! look here!
We have rais'd the old Don,
Let's retire behind this Wall, he is now a going out.

Enter *Graſpall.*

Graſp. I ſhall ſoon have her ſecure,
Now I am under no Apprehenſion of the Students
I've ſeen lately lurking about my Houſe;
When I've join'd them,
I ſhall get rid of two eating Moths,
There I ſave a Couple of Hundreds a Year, at leaſt,
Then her Fortune I ſecure in my own Hands,
Why this is Policy, it's worth the Trouble
I have taken. I have made her
And the World believe
She muſt not marry without my Conſent,
Or forfeit what her Father left her,
Tho' his Will was quite the reverſe,
As he died when ſhe was ſo young,
She never knew otherwiſe,
And I have taken Care ſhe ſhould ſee no-body
Who could inform her of it;
By my confining her
Since ſhe knew a little of the World,

She has had no Opportunity to be courted,
Or to love any one except my Son:
Now ſome Folks would call me unjuſt for this,
And talk of Concience, let them,
Eight Hundreds a Year will ſmother
A bad Concience, and I'm ſafe
From it's being known, for no Body
Will ever enquire about it, thus 'tis to have a Head,
I've had this Scheme in View theſe Ten Years,
And now it pays me with Intereſt.
I'm going now to get the Licence,
She is buſy preparing for her Wedding,
So that in a few Hours every Thing will be ſettled
As I wiſh it. [*Exit.*

Fred. You are much miſtaken, Mr. Concience.

Freep. This is more good News
Than I expected to hear.

Byr. What an old Defrauding
Miſerly Scoundrel it is; now let us get the Son
To this Tavern, or, if he won't
Looſe Sight of his Charge, we'll ply him here,
He won't want much Inviting;
And then, Freeport, I'll wiſh you Joy
Of a loving, handſome Lady,
And her Fortune, my Boy,
There's Three excellent Qualifications
With one Perſon, don't your Chaps Water,
Frederick.

Fred. Why, Faith, I burniſh, I have an Itching
You ſhall quarter it before I am with ye.

Freep. As he knows you, you muſt invite him.
[*To Frederick.*

Fred. I ſhall expect a Salute from your Bride
For all this Trouble.

Freep. O, that you ſhall have with Pleaſure,
With a Proviſo ſhe's willing.

Fred. I won't without, do but look up,
There's Mr. Andrew a dreſſing for the Wedding,
As I'm alive, ſee how he aguſts himſelf,
I'll call to him, what, ho, Mr. Andrew, haloo.

[*Andrew above at the Window.*

And. Ah, what Frederick, how fares ye;
Gentlemen, I'll juſt ſlip on my Shoes,
And wait upon you.

Byr. There, I told you ſo,
We ſhall fix him as dead as a Herring.

Enter Andrew.

And. Frederick, my Boy,
This is vaſtly unlucky, you could not
Have call'd in a worſe Time, I am——
How do you like my Clothes,
Are they not neat? The neweſt Cut,
The neweſt, I aſſure you.

Fred. Tis mighty pretty, indeed, Sir,
I like them much. What an Ape, [*aſide.*
Come, you muſt go over the way,
We want your Company, to crack a Bottle;
Here's a Gentleman has loſt his Sweetheart,
We muſt raiſe his Spirits.

And. I am ſorry for the Gentleman,
But you muſt excuſe me now, I cant ſpare Time.

Byr.

Byr. We ſhall have only one Bottle.

And. If I get drinking now it will hurt me,
And beſides, I muſt be in Readineſs
By Twelve o'Clock.

Fred. By Twelve o'Clock, for what?

And. On ſome very particular Buſineſs,
[*Simpring.*

Fred. Buſineſs, is it a Secret,
You're not a going to be married, are you?

And. Perhaps I am.

Fred. By Jove then we'll have a Bottle,
To drink to the Bride's Health, come along,

And. With your Leave, Sir, let's have it here,
I won't looſe Sight of the Door I'm determined.
[*aſide.*

Fred. With all my Heart,
Byron, order the Boy with ſome Wine,
Mind, get it ſtrong, prepare it,
Put ſome Brandy in it,
But we ſeldom have it without a little.
[*aſide to Byron.*

Byr. I'll take Care it ſhall. [*Exit. Byron.*

Fred. So you are to make a Fool of yourſelf,
And marry?

And. It is moſtly to oblige my Father I do it,
I've no great Eſteem. [*childiſh.*

Freep. Pray Sir, may I enquire the Lady's Name?

And. Sir, I wont tell, as you want a Wife,
Who knows what may happen.
[*Tomorrow I'll let you know, Sir.*

Freep. Sir, you're kind.
Poſitively I'll ſave you the Trouble. [*aſide.*

Fred. Is ſhe handſome,
Can't we have a peep at her?

Enter *Byron* with *Boy* and Wine.

Fred. Come, Byron, fill, fill my Boy,
I'll drink to the Lady's Health.

Freep. And I, with all my Soul, my lovely—

And. What, Sir, your lovely, what do ye mean.

Fred. Don't mind him, he is abſent at Times,
Since the Lady decieved him,
How can you forget yourſelf ſo, [*aſide to Freeport.*

And. Ha, ha, that's it, poor Gentleman,
Better Luck to you, Sir. [*Drinks.*

Fred. Where did you pick up this Girl,
I never heard of her before?

And. Why ſhe lives in our Houſe,
Since her Father died, he was an Uncle of mine,
He left her a handſome Fortune,
And to keep that in the Family,
My Father marries her to me.

Fred.

Fred. He does! a very good Notion,
And do ye love her, think you'll be happy?

And. Why yes, if the Money does it,
Not elſe, ſhe's a very Shrew;
She hufs and dings about already, and calls me a Sot,
By that you ſee I have but ſmall Hopes,
And yet, I think ſhe loves me.

Byr. At a Diſtance I believe. [*aſide.*

Fred. Come, Gentlemen, your Glaſſes;
Freeport, no Shuffling, don't be Melancholy,
You may find her again. [*They drink.*

And. How did the Gentleman looſe her,
Had ſhe no Regard? Excellent Claret, I love you!

Fred. O very fooliſhly,
While he went to take a Glaſs of Wine,
With a Friend, ſhe eloped with the Man ſhe loved.

And. Oh, then ſhe fairly jilted you,
Very unfortunate indeed, well I am ſecure,
I am certain mine wont deceive me.

Freep. Not before ſhe has an Opportunity
To get away. [*aſide to Byron*

Fred. You are a happy Fellow,
But you don't drink.

And. By jingo, Frederick, this is good Claret,
I'm ſorry it's almoſt out. [*begins to ſtagger.*
Let's ſee the Bottle, Frederick, yes, I thought ſo,
Well, here goes. [*Drinks.*

I'm

I'm ſorry, the beſt of Friends muſt part. [*Drinks.*
They muſt part, we are all mortal, Frederick,
This is Buried. [*turns up the Bottle.*
Have ye any more?

Fred. What a Swallow. [*aſide.*
Ah, my Boy, here's another Bottle,
I'll drink to ye, Sir.

And. Do, Sir, then hand it this way,
I love to enjoy my Friend, I do, hek-up, I do.

Byr. Now we have him, he's crying drunk,
In Freeport, in, and I'll aſſiſt.

Freep. Kind Heaven ſmile,
And now make her mine. I muſt be happy.
[*goes into the Houſe.*

And. Frederick, my worthy Friend,
Do you want any Money?
I'll lend you Three or Four Hundred Pounds,
As long as you will; I've got plenty my Boy:
This is good Claret. [*drinks.*

Fred. I am much obliged to you, Sir,
I don't want any at preſent, I thank ye:
People in their Cups is thus, when ſober like Jews.

Enter *Freeport* and *Harriot*, with ſeveral Bundles.

Freep. Byron lay hold of this and this,
This Treaſure I'll take Care of, my lovely Girl

Byr. Don't ſtay to make your Proteſtations,
Away, I'll follow after. [*Exit. Freeport and Harriot.*

And

And. Da— me, Frederick, I've been thinking,
If I ſhould marry the Wench, whether ſhe'll let me
Enjoy my Bottle and Friend, as now:
By Golls, if I thought ſhe wou'd hector,
I'd turn her off, (*hek-up,*) ſooner then looſe
This Pleaſure, eh, can you adviſe me, eh?

Fred. 'Tis Ten to One if ſhe approves of it,
But never Mind that,
I'd be Maſter in mine own Houſe.

And. By Jove, ſo I will, my dear Friend?
[*To his Bottle, drinks.*
Two ſo loving, ſhould never part.

Fred. I think ſhe wont diſpute it with you;
If you will meet us preſently,
You ſhall have your Skin-full.

And. Will—(*hek-up,*)—I not;
To the Alpion Hills, for this;
Where ſhall I meet you.

Fred. At Lumſdale's Park, there's a Party of us
Agree'd to ſpend the Day and be merry;
We are to have a Dance.

And. Are you? I'll come, oh; I'll come,
And I'll bring Miſs with me, I'll call her down,
You ſhall ſee her. [*Goes to the Door and calls.*
Harriot, why Harriot, you wont hear.

Fred. Never mind, we ſhall ſee her by and by;
Before you, I believe. [*aſide.*

And. Oh, yes, you ſhall, I'll make her come.

Byr. Well, that will do as well,
We ſhall expect you.

And. I'll follow you; (*hek-up,*) directly,
They're hearty Fellows, I would not looſe
Their Company, for Twenty ſuch Sweethearts as ſhe,
For I know ſhe don't like me, well, never mind,
I'll have her out of Spite. Why, Huzzy, Harriot,
Why don't you anſwer? You wont! well,
Then I'll tell you what, Madam,
I won't be married to day, no, nor never,
If you ſulk, and behave, thus.
D— me, I'll lock her in, a Jade,
She'll find her Tongue by then my Father comes,
Now for my worthy Friend, the Bottle,
Good Boy.—Harriot, ſince you won't ſpeak,
I can't make ye, no, I cant. (*Exit.*

SCENE Part of LUMSDALE's PARK,

Enter *Macdowell*, as return'd from his Journey,

Macd. Well, I think, if I hana had
A bonny Jaunt on't, I dinna ken what thay caw
A Journey, firſt, there was Eight Mile o' Land,
Then Twelve Mile o' Water, then Sax Mile
O' Land again, up to the Hurdies of the poor Beaſt
In Mud; and when I came to the Laird's Houſe,
Inſtead of being ca'd Laird Macdowell,
And recieved like a Gentleman,
Threat'ned, to ſet me in the Stocks,
For an Impoſtor; then a the Way back again;
I dare na gang Heam, for my Wife will ring
Sic a Peal in my Lugg's, as I hanna had
This ſeven Years, ſhe expects me to return

We

We a Coach, to take her to Money-Hall;
Ony Body to look at me! —It's a muddy Hall!
I wiſh the Deel had them wha ſent me o' this Errand;
O, I am an unfortunate poor Fellow!
I'll e'en ſtay here 'till it's dark, and then gang
To my Brother's. —Here's ſome body coming!
I'll hide me amang the Trees. [*He retires.*

Enter *Andrew* Singing.

And. Upbraid me not, my charming Fair,
Thus, Drinking to Exceſs;
I ſhould not want to drown Deſpair,
Was your Indifferance leſs.

And. No, that wont do, I can't ſing,
Fredreck, if you love me, more wine, I grow dry;
I expected they wou'd have been here firſt,
I can't afford another Word, I choak. I do:

Macd. This is my Neighbour, I'll ſpeak to him,
Perhaps I may hear ſomething o'myſel, [*aſide.*
How fare ye, Maſter Andrew?

And. Who's that?

Macd. Ken ye ne Macdowell, the Exciſeman?

And. What, Laird Macdowell, that is now?

Macd. Eh, it's gen about already. [*aſide.*

And. Yes, I ken him, what o'him?

Macd. I'll acquaint him how I ha' been ſerv'd,
[*aſide.*
I am the Man,

And. You Laird Macdowell, I give you Joy.

Macd. No great Joy, neither,
To be ſent a Jaunt like that,
And made the laughing Stock of the whole Toon by it.

And. Why?

Macd. O, d'ye ſee,
It was only ſome o'the damn'd Students
Plagued me for their Diverſion.

And. Ha, ha, ha, Some o'the Students,
Who are they? What's their Names?

Macd. Why their Names are Frederick and Byron,
And one that I dinna ken.

And. Frederick and Byron! I won't believe you.

Macd. Well, an ye wont,
Ye may e'en pleaſe yourſel and let it alone.

And. Frederick and Byron
Would not ſerve any Body ſuch a Trick.

Macd. An I ken my Name to be John, it was them.

And. It's a Lie, you mean to ſcandalize them,
Frederick is a Gentleman, and my particular Friend.

Macd. An he be your Brother, he's a Loon.

And. Why, ye Bag-hunting Raſcal, it's a Lie.
[*Strikes him.*

Macd. O! An ye be good at that, ye ſhall—

Enter *Graſpall.*

Graſp.

Graſp. Why, Andrew, where the Devil have you
Been? Where's Harriot?

And. O, ſhe's at Home, a Huzzy,
She took it in her Head not to anſwer me
When I call'd her,
So I lock'd the Door and came here.

Graſp. You have lock'd the Door to ſome Purpoſe,
You thick-headed Dog!
You have done a rare Job,
Yes, I could break your Bones.

And. Break my Bones, for what?
What rare Job have I done?

Graſp. Why, you have let the Students
Make you drunk,
And they have run away with your Wife.

Macd. I'd gee a Trifle,
An they would run away wi' mine too,
Then I might gang Hame with Safety. [*aſide.*

And. It's a miſtake, Father,
I tell you I lock'd the Door, why here's the Key.

Graſp. I'll knock you down, if you tell me ſo;
I was informed by a Perſon who ſaw them married.

And. Why then they muſt get her through
The Key-hole.

Graſp. I tell you, while they was making you drunk,
One of them run away with your Wife.

And. Oh, and ſo I lock'd up an empty Houſe,
I might well call. O, ſhe'll find Tongue enough now

I warrant her, this is Frederick's contriving,
I ſmoak ye now, you muſt have one Glaſs,
Only one Bottle. I've made a rare Job on't indeed.

Macd. O, Frederick's a Gentleman,
It was not him.

And. You Bait for the Devil, you lie.

Graſp. You ungracious Raſcal.
Shall I with ſo much Labour and Pains
Procure a Wife for you, and when I have done,
You let her eſcape
The very Day you was to be married.

And. Well, Father,
You know it was only for her Money
You took ſo much Pains and Labour,
So don't mind, I can get another.
They'll be here preſently
And then you may talk to them about it,
I'll go Home, that is the old Acquaintance
I was to ſee, indeed I did not expect to ſee her.

Macd. I'll gang too, or mayhaps
They may ſend me a Jaunt next Time,
As far as Johnny Groat's Houſe,
What a Blockhead the Fellow was,
To let his Wench play him ſuch a Trick,
Ah, Andrew, you'll forgive any Body
That ſerves you ſo.

And. Get out, ye Cag-hunter.
Exit. Andrew and Macdowell, fighting.

Graſp. Since it is ſo, I am not ſorry,
I have now got what I wanted,

Without

Without being troubled with her.
Who wou'd have thought the Girl had ſo much Art!
They ſay, a Woman in Love, is a Match for —
O, Here they come.—

Enter *Frederick*, *Freeport*, *Harriot*, *Byron* and *Emily*.

So, Sir, I believe you did not expect a Viſit from me
So ſoon after your Wedding. [*to Freeport.*

Freep. Indeed, Sir, I did not.

Graſp. As you have pleas'd to take on you
The Protection of my Niece,
You may likewiſe ſupport her,
Her Fortune you have no Claim to.

Freep. I have not Married her
For the Sake of her Fortune.

Fred. Why you won't keep it, will you?

Graſp. Yes, every Doit.

Fred. There are ſome People will call you unjuſt
If you do.

Graſp. Unjuſt, no, Sir, her Father by his Will
Left it ſo.

Freep. You have made her and the World
Believe ſo.

Byr. Tho' you confin'd her ſo cloſe, yet you ſee
She had ſome Notion of Leaving you.

Freep.

Freep. Eight Hundred a Year
Will ſmother a Bad Concience.

Graſp. What, am I Diſcover'd! *Aſide.*

Byr. O, you are ſecure from its being known;
For nobody will enquire about it.

Graſp. Why, how the Devil did all this happen!

Freep. You need not wonder, Sir,
Such Actions as you have been guilty of,
Are Seldom hid long.

Frid, Are you under any Apprehenſions now
About the Students, you have ſeen Lurking
Round your Houſe?

Graſp. Yes, I am, but I ſhan't let you know it.
[*aſide.*

Freep. It's a Pity you ſhould have taken
So much Pains for Nothing,
Her Fortune which is all you wanted,
Muſt now be deliver'd to her. Ungenerous Wretch!
Not even a Brother's Child you would have ſpared,
But have ſacrificed her to your Avarice.
Too many there are, like you,
Who inſtead of alleviating
The Diſtreſſes of the unfortunate Orphan
Left in their Charge, by uſing them with Tenderneſs,
Which is their Due, render them ſtill more unhappy,
By endeavouring to take that from them,
Which their deceas'd Parents
Left them for their Support.

Graſp. I own it,—I now ſee my Error;
The Love of Riches is the Bane of many As

As well as me, but, I here give up my Charge,
And if you can accept the Bleſſing from one like me,
You both have it.

Fred. What then, Eight Hundred a Year
Is not a Match for Conſcience at laſt. [*aſide.*

Har. I thank you, Sir,
You have now put it in my Power
To prove myſelf worthy of Freeport's Love.
[*Gives him the Papers.*
Take theſe, were they of equal Value with a Diadem,
They ſhould be yours.

Freep. That you were mine,
Was my greateſt Wiſh, you Madam, [*to Emily.*
Demand my warmeſt Thanks,
Without the Aſſiſtance you gave me,
I could not have been ſo happy,

Em. I have ſufficient Reward in the Action,
As it has made my Friends ſo bleſt.

Byr. My charming Emily! Your exalted Mind
Would be an Ornament to the greateſt of your Sex!
Now Frederick what ſay you?
Would you tie yourſelf to an Apron-ſtring,
To be as we are?

Fred. It is a dangerous Affair to take a Fair-one
For better or worſe, but, however,
The Examples you have ſet me,
Has greatly weakened my Reſolution.

Em. It would be a commendable Act, Sir,
To break it quite.

Fred.

Fred. I intend it Madam.
Come Sir, (*To Graſpal*
Let's in to Town, and have a chearfull Glaſs,
And drink a Health to their Happineſs.
I long to ſee Macdowell, I hear that he is return'd
Here is Papers to put him in real Poſſeſſion,
The Eſtate, I had purchas'd before he took his Journey
He has ſuffered Mortification enough,
And as I have plenty, I give him it in Retaliation

Freep. You are very generous, Sir.
I'm happy to ſee all Parties ſo well ſatisfied,
I often thought, and now ſee, that Love
Can do great Things, a mutual Paſſion
Is Heaven's peculiar Care, and tho' for a Time
It may be croſſed by Diſappointments,
Yet it ſeldom or ever fails,
To be crown'd with the Succeſs it deſerves.

4 AP 54

FINIS.